"The Heiress Was Greeting a Greasy Laborer as a Social Equal. Worse Yet, She Was Saying, 'Baron, You Must Meet My Friend, Mr. Jones.'"

The Baron? No: A Plain American Jones Wins the Great Heiress

Miss Marie Busch, Pursued by Countless German Titles, Has the Good Sense to Select a Hard-Working Young American in Her Multi-Millionaire Father's Factory

Mr Drummond Jones

JONES wins. The German Baron loses, though for a year or two it must have seemed to Jones that the German-American hyphen was irresistible. Wasn't that hyphen firmly embedded in the Busch family pedigree? Didn't the Busches have a castle of their own on the Rhine right in the heart of the country where Barons are thickest. Hadn't Marie Busch been spending most of her Summers there? Wasn't it true that American heiresses—with or without the hyphen—find it the most difficult task of their young lives to sidestep a title?

Nevertheless, Jones wins. Plain, all-American Jones. Better yet, Jones wins in blue overalls and jumper, with a monkey-wrench in his oily hand screwing up anything he finds loose in the Busch-Sulzer Bros.-Diesel Engine Works, where he has been working for the last five months "at the bottom of the ladder." It is true that a hyphen still figures in the case, but it will appear in the marriage announcements, with a difference—like this:

JONES-BUSCH — Mr. Drummond Jones to Miss Marie Busch, on Monday evening, April 7, at Grant Farm, the Busch country home.

All of which means that Miss Marie Busch is a real American and a heroine to be proud of in these days when hyphens are making so much trouble for President Wilson and the cause of neutrality.

In St. Louis not to know all about the Busches is to argue yourself unknown. According to the Bible, good wine needs no bush. According to a high percentage of the citizens of St. Louis there is no such thing as good beer without a Busch in it. There was a close competitor called Anheuser, but mutual esteem soon brought them together, and Anheuser-Busch made St. Louis loom larger on the map than ever before.

This was the original triumph of the late Adolphus Busch, and he was the grandfather of Marie Busch, who has switched a Baron onto the siding to give plain American Jones the right of way as her future husband. Adolphus was the founder of the Busch family in America, and the founder of the Busch family fortune amounting to millions. He was more than that. He loved this country, and was a national character, as well known in New York as in St. Louis, and especially well known in California where, at Pasadena, his fine country home is one of the show places of the Pacific Coast.

But as there was more than Busch in his beer, so there is more than beer in the Busch family. The Busches belong to the class of Americans—hyphenated and otherwise—who do not rest on the money-getting laurels of their first generation. Some of them put the Busch into biscuits that are as well known as the original beer of Adolphus. Others developed tinware stores into trusts. Marie's father, August A. Busch, is a power in the engine-building industry, where happy Drummond Jones is in his blue overalls every morning when the whistle blows.

With all their industrial efficiency, which has brought them their wealth, the Busches have not neglected the social side. When Marie Busch "came out" three years ago the social occasion in St. Louis produced well-defined echoes in every social centre of the United States. The list of guests present contained names as familiar in New York as in St. Louis. For the occasion of Miss Marie's debut twenty-five decorators worked for several days turning that picturesque rustic resort, Sunset Inn, into a pink-tinted paradise. The pretty debutante was the pink satin charmeuse heart of the scene which furnished society reporters with material for ecstatic columns.

This was before the Baron came into the story. But Jones was there—Drummond Jones, local tennis champion, familiarly known as "Drummie." He had played many a match with Marie, and had been in love with her ever since she had abjured pigtails and "put up her hair." Drummie was her elder by only four or five years. He lived with his well-to-do stepmother, Mrs. Clarence Jones. His social position was equal to that of the Busches in St. Louis. As to his occupation, he was facetiously credited with two—first, tennis; second, tennis and Marie Busch. Marie's father, the multi-millionaire engine builder, was understood to be of the opinion that Drummie needed a "job" wherewith to support his occupations. This ultimatum is said to have emerged when Drummie's attentions to Marie grew suddenly more pressing from the day of that marvellous pink-tinted debut.

Shortly after that affair the Busches sailed away for their Summer home on the Rhine. Strange what a change her debut makes in a girl. Previously Marie had been all for outdoor sports, with the accent on tennis, with Drummie for opponent or partner. Now, when Drummie heard from her, or about her, in Germany she was very contentedly playing the part of a beautiful American heiress, entirely surrounded by titles. Barons and Counts, and even a few Princes, were laying siege to her heart—and fortune—with an assiduity which Drummie found it painful to contemplate.

Jones, being all-American, and with nothing but his local tennis championship to serve as anything in the way of a title, is said to have felt his handicap keenly. He had heard all about the glamour titles have in the eyes of American heiresses. Was it possible that Marie Busch would go the way of so many rich American girls—marry a title in haste, and repent at leisure? You can imagine with what anxiety he awaited Marie's return.

Saved—at least not lost absolutely. Marie returned unwed; plenty of titles in sight, but none apparently quite satisfactory. However, there was a Baron hovering around in the offing, and it was perfectly plain that Marie's experiences in noble society were not altogether displeasing. Drummie found that he had quite a sophisticated young woman to deal with now in place of his girl chum of the tennis courts.

In the Winter the Busches were off to the big California country place. It was said that some sort of a Baron "tagged along." Curiously enough, the actual name and title of no Baron appears in the society notices of the doings of the Busches, though "the Baron" is much in evidence.

In the next two years the Busches, including Marie, were much abroad. Drummond Jones was forced to hear a lot about Marie's social successes in Europe and about the long procession of titles which travelled in her wake. These things were printed in the home papers. Not only were Marie and her fortune frankly pursued by numerous titled personages, but Marie was accepting their attentions with an apparent enjoyment which, doubtless, caused a plain American named Jones many sleepless nights.

It was upon the Busches' return from Europe last year that Drummond Jones pressed his suit with so much energy that Marie simply had to listen seriously. They were seen together so much that there were rumors of an engagement. The truth, rendered plausible by the sequel, seems to be that Miss Marie was driven to the point of telling Drummie that he'd "better speak to papa."

Right there's where the blue overalls part comes in. Papa, being of German descent, could understand the existence of a Baron in a condition of elegant leisure. But that was not a habit in the Busch family—either to have a title or elegant leisure. The Busches had always worked—with their hands or their heads, usually with both. Their hands were accustomed to the feel of sterner implements than tennis racquets, and their heads were hard enough to consider more important matters than local amateur tennis championships.

Perhaps Papa didn't put it quite as plainly as this. However, the fact remains that Jones presently was a very plain American indeed. The gilded youth of St. Louis knew him no more. He hardly knew himself—in the blue overalls and jumper, in grimy close contact with oil cans, lathes, triphammers and drilling machines of the Busch engine works. For he had accepted Marie's papa's offer of a job "at the foot of the ladder," with a chance of "working his way up."

Naturally in the beginning the sweetest music in Drummie's ears was the blowing of the whistle at "quitting time." Tennis, even in the case of an amateur champion, is not adequate physical training for one suddenly thrust into the midst of a man's job in an engine factory. It may be that if Drummie hadn't seen in Marie's eyes, when he was permitted to visit her on Sunday evenings, a new kind of admiration for him he would not have presevered.

When, shortly, he realized that he was winning Marie much more certainly with eight hours a day spent in overalls much oil-splashed than would be possible in the smartest and cleanest of tennis togs, he bent all his energies toward "working his way up."

One day—so the story goes—he had an unexpected triumph. Marie paid him a visit in the engine shop. Dancing attendance upon her was a rather slightly-built foreign gentleman with fiercely upturned mustache. He carried a slender cane and wore a wrist watch. He had a vague sort of notion that the great heiress thought she was complimenting him in showing him through her father's factory, and he was making an effort to look intelligent. He was totally unprepared for what probably was the shock of his young life.

The heiress was greeting a greasy laborer as a social equal. Worse yet, she was saying, "Baron, you must meet my friend, Mr. Jones."

It was Drummie's great moment—no doubt about that. Beaming upon the Baron, as upon a long-lost brother, he put out his grimy hand. Actually (for he was courting an American heiress) the Baron touched it with his daintily gloved fingers. The next instant he had sudden visions of himself in an heiress wild-goose chase, for the girl was telling this mere laborer to "be sure and not forget Sunday night!"

Can you blame plain Jones of America for hugging himself as the Baron and his hostess departed, and for repeating to himself the title of one of Bulwer Lytton's novels—"The Last of the Barons"?

Verily, it was the last of the Baron. From that day he no longer figured "in the running," where Marie Busch was concerned. As to Drummond Jones, the rumors grew still more prevalent that not only Marie herself, but her father, had welcomed him into the Busch family.

During the Winter Drummie had to forego some of those Sunday nights with Marie, owing to the absence of the whole family in California. But he had pleasant food for reflection, and a few weeks ago came his anticipated promotion to a better position in the engine works. This was shortly followed by the public announcement of the engagement of Mr. Drummond Jones to marry Miss Marie Busch.

The announcement even named the date of the wedding, April 7, and the place, Grant Farm, the Busch country place near St. Louis.

In sidetracking the German Baron for the plain American Jones Miss Marie seems to have made a clean sweep in favor of America. "Made in Germany" is a label that will be conspicuous by its absence in connection with the marriage. She will wear—so it is announced in the home newspapers—a "Made in St. Louis" wedding gown, and for weeks past the local shops have been busy with orders of the bride and her attendants for whatever will be needed for an all-American Easter wedding.

Miss Marie Busch, Granddaughter of the La te Adolphus Busch.

Why We Remember What We Never Thought We Heard

ALTHOUGH the term "primary memory" may be new to most of us, it is a phenomenon which we have all experienced, and which frequently is of the greatest service to us. It is a thing which psychologists have carefully studied and about which they have learned much of interest.

Have you ever been interested in a book and then had your wife speak to you—and not notice her? Of course you have. But also on some of these occasions your wife has wound up sharply with your name. That makes you take notice and scurry back into the mental atmosphere for what she has been saying—and usually you find it.

Now when the words were spoken you paid no attention whatsoever, and if it had not been for that imperative calling of your name they would have escaped your mind forever. The words seemingly made no impression at the time of their being enunciated, but when your attention was called by the sound of your name, what psychologists call "primary memory" stepped in and aided you. It seems as if some kind of mechanical impression must have been made on your sense of hearing in order for you to be able to recall your wife's words.

Science tells us that this primary memory effect is nothing but an auditory after-image. There are several kinds of after-images. One is known as the kinæsthetic.

You experience this when you have taken off a tight hat and laid it on the table. In a moment you may reach up to take the hat again, thinking that it is still on your head. This is merely an after-image, for it is on the table and not on your head.

Visual after-images are quite common. If you happen to look at a bright light and then at a white wall you see a black image of the light on thewall. This image, as you close and open your eyes, gradually changes color till it disappears.

An easier test is to look at a green spot on a piece of white paper and then at a blank piece ofwhite paper. A red spot will now be seen similar in shape and size to the green spot.

The explanation is that when looking at the green spot the green perceiving elements of the eye became fatigued on that part of the retina where the image fell. Now, on looking at a piece of white paper—which, of course, needs all the color perceiving elements of the eye, for white contains all colors—the green perceivers on the place in the retina do not act as well as the others. So the complement of green is seen.

For this very reason of fatigue a white house is not as white to you after looking at it a while—for now all the perceiving elements are fatigued and do not act as strongly as before.